

FAMOUS POEMS

The Blue and the Gray.

By the bow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron had fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead—
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the one, the Gray;

Under the other, the Gray.
These in the robes of glory,
These in the gleam of defeat;
All with the battis blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet, —
Under the red and the dew;
Waiting the Judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe—
Under the sod and the Jew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-days fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting for judgment day;
Brodered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drops of rain;
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting for judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Flood;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.
Sadly, but not with upbraiding.

The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years, now falling,
No braver battle was won;
Under the soil and the dew;
Waiting for judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;

They banish our anger forever
When they hurl the graves of our dead
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting for judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

—Finch.

She Walks in Beauty.

She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lights o'er her face.

Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.
And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent—
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

—Lord Byron.

To a Mountain Daisy.
On the Turning One Down With the Plow,
In April, 1896.
Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stoure
They slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Sending thee 'mong the dewey west,
 Wif speckled breast;
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
 The purpling East.

 'Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm.

Scarce rear'd above the parent earth:
 Thy tender form,
 The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High-sheltering woods and w's main shield;
 But thou bledest the random blade
 Of cleft or stone,
 Adorns the histle stubble-field,
 Unseen, alone,
 There, in thy scanty mantle clad,

thy snawle bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uprears thy bed,
And low thou liest!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all mod' is laid

Such is the fate of simple hard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd
Unskillful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
The billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!
Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven

By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Thou wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruin'd sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daley's fate,
That fate is thine,—no distant date:
Ere Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Thou crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shalt be thy doom!

—Robert Burns.

Country and Town.

... made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder, then, that health and virtue,
 gives
That can alone make sweet and bitter draught
 draught

And the horse out to us, should most
 about
 and least be threatened in the fields and
 groves?
 possess ye, therefore, ye who, borne about
 in chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
 but that of idleness, and taste no scenes
 but such as art contrives, possess ye still
 our element; there only can ye shine,
 where only minds like yours can do no
 harm.
 The same were shamed to consider at noon

birds warbling all the music. We can spare the stender of your lamps, they but eclipse our softer satellite. Your songs confound our more harmonious notes. The thrush departs, and the offended nightingale is mute, here, is a public minaret, in moon, with

plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
 traced with a sword, and weath'ed of a fan,
 has made, which enemies could ne'er have
 done,
 your arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
 a mutilated structure, soon to fall.
 —William Gowper (in "The Task").

Old Ironsides.
"Old Ironsides" was the popular name by which the frigate "Constitution" was known. The poem was first printed at the time when it was proposed to break up the old ship as unfit for service.
 O, tear her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky;
 Its deep folds had fringed the sky,
 Its deep folds had fringed the sky;

neath it rung the battle's shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean's air
Shall sweep the land no more.

On deck—once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
Then winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below—
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee.

O, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave;
 And all to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail;
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Day Breaking.

...the dapple-grey coursers of the morn
eat up the light with their bright silver
hoofs,
and chase it through the sky.

—John Marston.